

Bad at Being Human by GrifficScribbles

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Autistic Jonathan Byers, Billy Hargrove Speaks Spanish, Bisexual Nancy Wheeler, Bisexual Steve Harrington, F/F, F/M, Gay Billy Hargrove, Gay Jonathan Byers, Good Parent Joyce Byers, I REGRET NOTHING, I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, Italian Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers uses ASL, M/M, Multi, Rating May Change, Soccer Mom Steve Harrington, Tags May Change, What Have I Done, a whole stimmy boy, enjoy (:, honestly this is probably gonna get real chaotic, stoner Jonathan Byers

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Heather Holloway, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Heather Holloway, Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Jonathan Byers & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers & Will Byers, Jonathan Byers/Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers/Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Robin Buckley & Steve Harrington, Robin Buckley/Heather Holloway, some Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2021-03-08

Updated: 2021-03-19

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:35:36

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,188

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan Byers has always had trouble understanding people and vice versa. What happens when there are two people that he actually does understand and that understand him? Mostly. They each have a different second language that neither of the others understand, but at least Robin got her giggles.

1. People are Strange- The Doors

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it.

(:

Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan is anxious, but at least he has friends to make him less so during these first couple days of a new semester

Notes for the Chapter:

Straight up finished this at damn near 1 am, but I hope you like it
(3,051 words)

First day back. No big deal. Jonathan's been doing this for years. And it's the second half of the year. Even less of a deal. Just follow the Routine and it'll be fine. Wake up at 6:30 and get breakfast started. Pancakes, scrambled eggs, and orange slices. The fruits change with the seasons and sometimes he makes toast or omelettes instead of pancakes or scrambled eggs, but it's not what he makes that really matters. What matters is making breakfast. His heart hurt when Will went missing and he couldn't make breakfast or wake him up to eat.

When he's about halfway through cooking, Will's two pancakes and oranges cut, he turns down the hall to the door just to the right of his own. Knocking a couple times before quietly opening it and treading in. He gently shakes brother awake.

"Hey, breakfast is almost ready. 6:45, you gotta get up."

Will groans the sleep out of his voice and rolls over to face his older brother. Prying his eyes apart as he smells the pancakes both in the house and on Jonathan, he sits up. Jon leaves to get started on his brother's eggs, knowing they get cold the fastest.

He, then, whips up a couple more pancakes for himself and their mom. He scrambles an extra egg each, as usual because he knows she needs the extra energy. She's also not a 13 year old boy and neither is he, much to his mother's dismay.

They all sit down and eat together the way they always do, not just out of habit, but because they all genuinely enjoy having meals together. That's something that not only didn't change, but became more important to the Byers family after both encounters with interdimensional monsters. Sometimes they chat and others, they just sit together. It doesn't really matter as long as they're just that-together.

After breakfast, with dishes in the sink, Jonathan and Will go to get dressed for school so they can leave by 7:30. Joyce usually doesn't leave for work until about 8:30, so she's always able to relax for a bit.

The boys head out the door at 7:30, just like always. As Jonathan follows Will out, he turns his head to his mom, still at the table, and says, "Have a good day. Be home soon, be safe."

Like always, she replies, "You too, be safe. I love you."

He doesn't need to say it back. The three of them know he has a hard time saying that. That's why he says "be safe"- it's his own way of

telling people that he cares about them.

On the car ride to the schools, Will asks to play the mixtape that Jonathan gave to him two years ago, now. Jonathan never says no to that one, so their ride to school is filled with The Clash, Bowie, The Doors, etc. The brothers unabashedly jam out to the first song on the tape, probably their favorite too, *Should I Stay or Should I Go* by The Clash. Will has always been more restrained in his movements, but Jonathan doesn't hesitate to tap his hands on the steering wheel or rock his shoulders. It's almost involuntary, just like the smile that plasters itself across his face.

The tape eventually moves on to play *Blitzkrieg Bop* by Ramones, but it doesn't stop either of them from bouncing along. There's a reason Jonathan titled the mix *For When You are Happy*. They continue like this until the car pulls into the parking lot between the schools and he turns off the car. The music definitely helped calm his nerves, ever-present as they are.

He and Will get out and share a quick goodbye, punctuated with Jonathan's "be safe" before they head their separate ways. Jonathan has to take a deep breath- and ignore the punch of cigarettes in the air- to keep himself from falling too far back into his anxiety.

Tapping his thumb against his thigh, he meets up with Nancy not long after arriving. This always happens when Mondays and Fridays roll around. It wouldn't be so bad if he actually, properly knew anyone in his homeroom, but no. He has to start both the day and the semester surrounded by people who are practically strangers.

Nancy knows this and walks him to his class and gives him a quick hug because she knows the pressure comforts him. When they part,

she gives him a signed 'I love you', probably knowing words are gonna be hard today. She doesn't know many signs, but she knows enough to comfort him. He raises his hand to his chin in a letter 'b' followed by making his hands into fists and crossing his arms at the wrist before splitting them apart- 'be-safe.'

Nancy smiles and hugs him again before trotting across the hall for her own homeroom. Jonathan's smile falters before he walks toward his desk to sit through 20 minutes of nothing.

He dashes out of the room as soon as the bell rings, telling him to go to Geometry. He's much happier going to this class because he knows someone there. He and Steve may not sit next to each other, but just having the familiar presence in the room is enough to keep him calm enough to be able to speak if called on. Luckily, most know that he's the quiet type, so that's a pretty rare occurrence.

Then is home ec with a friend he met while doing a spread for the yearbook last year of the band. They always partner up and he enjoys watching her somehow still struggle, despite it being the second semester. They don't know a whole lot about each other, but it's still enough to be friends. He knows she speaks French and some other nonsense he can't remember or distinguish and she knows he's not great with social situations and uses sign language from time to time.

Neither of them have any idea what the other is saying when they use their other languages, but it's honestly kind of funny. Especially when she glares at people for being rude about it. They're comfortable with each other, though, so he doesn't usually need to use signs with her.

Sure, they goof around a bit, but Robin knows he isn't just taking this

class as a filler. His mom needs all the help she can get after the sheer number of “incidents” they’ve had over the years.

The class always goes too fast for his liking, but at least he knows that’s the tell of enjoying a class. They part ways before lunch and he’s even taken to telling her to be safe, something he’d never expected to do with anyone he hadn’t fought monsters with. It’s.. nice.

He heads to the cafeteria for lunch with the only other two people he’s friends with and feels some of his tension leave with an exhale when Nancy greets him with a hug. They get to talking about Hamlet because Jonathan asks how English went. Sure, they’re in different classes, but he still likes to ask about what she’s learning. She always brightens when she gets to talk about that stuff.

He gives the rest of the room a once-over, just out of curiosity, before noticing a certain king neglecting his court. Not that that’s abnormal- just interesting. The rest of the day goes relatively similar to how it started. He doesn’t know anyone in any of his other classes for the day and it keeps him on edge.

Jonathan only begins to calm down when the final bell rings and he pulls around to Will’s school with Nancy in the passenger seat to go home, at last. The music helps a bit to keep the anxious part of his brain from shutting him down, but the addition of his brother and his girlfriend- probably his two favorite people- is what really keeps him grounded.

They seldom feel like listening to music after school, instead listening to Will talk about what he learned. Nancy holds his hand the whole drive home because he’s driving and hugging while driving is

generally a bad idea and she knows Jonathan had an off day.

He doesn't have a shift at the theatre until Wednesday, so he doesn't have to eat in a rush or drive Nancy home right away. So the Byers family, with the addition of a Wheeler, cook dinner together and watch M.A.S.H. reruns until she actually does need to be driven home.

Later, when he's finally managing to go to bed, Jonathan takes a deep breath because that's how he always tries to end the day. Just breathe out whatever he's still carrying and letting himself steadily unwind before he does it all again tomorrow.

Tuesday comes much like Monday had and Jonathan is perfectly content with that. Today, he decides to use the eggos that El had apparently insisted Hopper got them as a New Year's gift. Waffles, apple slices, and he decides to mix things up and heat some Canadian bacon in a pan- something they all seem to appreciate.

It's still only January, so he tries to just make hot foods so that they're ready for the midwestern chill. He and Will leave, as usual, but they just listen to the radio today. As long as there's music, they're fine.

"See you after school, be safe," he calls to Will as they separate and he goes to greet Nancy. He's less anxious today because it's not the first day back anymore, so that pressure is relieved. His Biology class is as chaotic as ever, with his teacher being asked by one of the students to not describe blood types as "flavors" which he doesn't really see the issue with. It's honestly kind of funny to him.

After that, he suffers through gym and is silently thankful he only has to finish this year and will never have to take it again. Showering is probably the worst part of gym, but they're teenage boys, so it would be worse if they didn't. Nobody likes the smell of "post-gym teen"-especially not Jonathan. It's just one of those things that makes his brain short out.

He finally makes it to lunch and goes directly to the spot where he and his band friend from home ec, Robin, meet up every Tuesday and Thursday to say hi because they don't have any classes together. He waits for her, even though she never takes this long. He waits until he can't bear to and just goes to the cafeteria to have lunch with Nancy and Steve.

He tries- and probably fails- to keep the laughter out of his voice when he asks Steve how he always manages to forget his food.

"Just move too quickly in the mornings, I forget to grab it."

They all know that there's probably more to it than that, but nobody presses it. They prefer to joke and keep things light, saving the darkness for when they have to save the world...again. He slides Steve some of his own lunch with a smile. He always packs a bit extra in case Steve forgot or if he or Will needs a snack on the way home.

Steve doesn't seem to be super interested in conversation, so he and Nancy just start talking about whatever Jonathan tells her about what happened in bio and she seems to get a kick out of it. Eventually, they fall into comfortable silence, occasionally laughing at something they hear from another table. Especially when Carol Perkins is heard shouting, "What do you mean salt isn't a spice!?"

Jonathan sees Robin walk in 15 minutes after the start of lunch speaking something he's certain he doesn't speak with... Billy Hargrove? What the hell? And from the looks of it, he understands what she's saying and *responding*. Well, now he doesn't know what to think. It's surprising that Billy apparently speaks a second language. It's weird that he's having what looks to be a *friendly* conversation. And it kind of stings a little that Robin ditched him, earlier, to apparently hang out with the jerk.

The last of the list is what his idiot brain hones in on. Jonathan has always had some trouble with feeling like people are faking. Even if he knows it's not true, it's a conclusion his mind always jumps to. Which is exactly why he finds himself silently clinging to Nancy's hand for dear sanity.

"Jon? Are you ok? Did you hear something?" Nancy's voice brings him a bit out of his head- enough for him to let go and sign back.

'Me-you-love-right?' ASL grammar is weird like that, but she understands enough to know how to answer.

"Of course. I'm right here. I'm not leaving. I love you," she wraps an arm around him to rub her hand up and down his upper arm. She knows he just needs to hear that as a reassurance. He swallows and nods before taking a deep breath.

"Thanks.."

“Always.”

She hugs him and they laugh as Carol gets up to ask the lunch lady something.

“Someone really should tell her that salt isn’t a spice. I fear for anyone she tries to cook for if she actually believes that,” Jonathan jokes softly, earning a chuckle from Nancy.

“I really do wonder if Tommy is ok sometimes. If not in the head, then his cholesterol levels,” she says with a false seriousness. They both know he probably thought the same as his girlfriend, but is just too stupidly hormonal to be willing to admit it.

It’s always this kind of light conversation that helps him the most. It makes him feel normal. He and Will understand each other, in that regard. Everyone used to walk on eggshells around his brother-treating him like he was gonna break. Jonathan never had many friends, so he hadn’t had that problem super often. Nancy had done it the first couple times she saw him like this, but when she saw him come out of it faster when she’d accidentally joked about something, he kept doing it.

He’s thankful for that being the way things happened. He hates talking about himself, especially if he needs help. But eventually, the two fall back into more jokes and laughter- pausing once to make sure Steve still occupied his own body.

After that lunch, he breezed through history like he’s used to and heads to the darkroom for his free period. He loves it there. The

darkness is comforting and he's learned to be comforted by the smell of the chemicals. Sure it's a slow process, but it's the routine of it all that he thinks makes it special. That no matter what the picture is- good, bad, clear, blurry, accidental, or premeditated- the process is always the same. It's reassuring in a way.

He's able to let his mind both wander and zero in on what he's doing. Keeping a close eye on the seconds so he can agitate the developer or sliding the finished film into sleeves. Developing a test photo or rinsing and hanging ones that are already done. It's all mindless and focused at the same time. He loves it and the addition of the darkness just makes it that much better because he's able to just have these moments to himself, even if there's someone else in the room.

He goes home that day, calmer than he had been. He drops Will off with Nancy at her house and his mom is still at work. The house is his for the next couple hours so he makes himself some mac n cheese- something he could eat way more often than he would like to admit. He's washing the dishes when the phone rings.

Cautiously picking it up, he answers with his sort of rehearsed greeting.

"Hello? Byers house."

He hears Steve on the other line and he doesn't sound great. He asks Jonathan for a ride home and he's quick to get a yes. He tells Steve he can be at Benny's in about 10 minutes, he all but speeds there, slowing at common police hideaways.

Once there, he pops the trunk so the older of the two can put his groceries in. He knows Steve has trouble with feeling like he owes everyone the world, so he's not surprised when he offers gas money. An idea Jonathan quickly refuses, instead just making him promise to call if he ever needs help. Satisfied with Steve's agreement, he starts the car and the drive to take him home.

They quickly decide on a game plan of dropping by Steve's to put away groceries and then hang at his house until he needs to take Steve to get his car. They then fall into jokes and laughter, the latter being especially prevalent when they try to imagine Will using his Puppy Eyes™ on resident hardass, Billy Hargrove. Talk about unstoppable force meets immovable object.

The conversation has a natural push and pull for a while. What he doesn't expect is for Steve to apologize for breaking his camera last year. So he meets it with one of his own. It's something he's been meaning to do and feels that it's only fair since Steve practically just laid his heart on his sleeve.

He really hadn't known he had crossed a line with those pictures of Steve and Nancy. That's something he's always had trouble with. It feels like there's all sorts of red and green tape around social interactions and he's trying to navigate it, except he's colorblind. That's how he's learned to describe it, at least. That or like he's trying to play a game he doesn't know the rules to.

Somehow, the conversation turns to Robin after they had put the groceries away in Steve's- apparently already unlocked- house and he offers to introduce the two of them. He's trying not to think about the sting of what happened earlier that day, but that's not hard. Well, not as hard as it would be if he were still home, alone and left to look through his boxes of memories or do homework.

Notes for the Chapter:

Experiences shown in this chapter are based on mine and my friends' of ASD and the use of ASL, as they will be throughout the rest of the work.

2. I Wanna Be Sedated- Ramones

Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan and Steve have a nice night in and bond a little

Notes for the Chapter:

this chapter is shorter than what I usually write, but it seemed like a good place to stop and I also hate ending chapters on sleep in case yo couldn't tell.

Also! I haven't ditched I Don't Understand, I just wanted this one to catch up in the timeline before I add on to that one

WARNING: This chapter does have mentions of "Quiet hands" and stuff relating to that

(2,137 words)

enjoy (:

The drive from Steve's house to Jonathan's is much more comfortable than the one from the Bradley's parking lot. Of course, the major indicator of this is the way they move to the music in the car. Previously, Jonathan had been reserved and Steve was literally shaking, but not anymore- at least within reason. They're still in a car.

Jonathan is wiggling his shoulders freely and even his head is moving a bit, not enough to take his eyes off the road, but enough that he feels the happy tapping make its way to his thumbs. Steve is literally bouncing. Maybe not his entire body, but Jonathan can see his legs and hands bouncing in a way that is definitely not from his anxiety. He's not certain, but he's pretty sure Steve isn't shaking either. Not in the wet chihuahua sense at least.

It's loose. Comfortable. And boy do the wiggles and the bounces

increase when *Radio Ga Ga* starts playing. Steve is clapping along with the chorus and Jonathan is singing along like he'll never hear it again. It feels so light and when it's over, they're just about home. And they carry that energy into the house.

Jonathan walks Steve to the couch and makes him sit down, despite his protests.

"No. You've had a bad day so you're gonna sit down while I grab a couple things that usually help me and Will on bad days."

"Alright, fine. I'll stay put."

Jonathan looks at him for a second. "The way my house is built also means that I'll be able to hear if you get up," he walks to his room right after. He's on a mission.

It only takes a few minutes to find all the stuff he needs. He's got his two heaviest blankets, a couple eggs of silly putty, he has to make a second trip for his boombox cause that thing is heavy as hell. He also made sure to grab his happy mixtape from the car, as usual. The putty goes on the coffee table, the blankets next to Steve, and the stereo on the floor by where Jonathan would be sitting. He quickly looks through their movies before he finds the right one- *Pete's Dragon*. It was something of a comfort film for him and Will. they didn't really know why.

He hands one of the blankets to Steve and then notices the smile on his face.

“I uh.. Like I said. I just got stuff that helps me and Will. Hope that works,” he turned and got his own blanket situated over his shoulders so they could just sit and talk for a little bit before watching the movie.

“Thanks, and it should. I’m already feeling miles better than earlier.”

Jonathan smiles at this. He always liked the feeling of having helped someone. It never fails to make him wiggle in some way, shape, or form. This time, his hands do a little flap that when’ it’s over, Jonathan flushes and sits on his hands, shifting his line of sight to the floor. Wiggling to music is different from flapping your hands at practically nothing.

“Sorry, that’s probably distracting.”

“Don’t apologise, I get it. I don’t find it distracting, it was kinda cute honestly- uh..” they both blush at what he just admitted.

“Sorry. It’s just one of those things that I got told a lot growing up- ‘Quiet hands’ . Especially since I got di- since Nancy and I started to spend more time together. She doesn’t seem to like it.” Jonathan wraps his blanket closer to himself.

“Yeah, she was the same with me. Always complained when I’d tap my pencil or something,” Steve scoots closer to him as what he interprets as a silent support or something. It makes him smile a bit.

“Glad it’s not just a me thing, then.”

“I think it’s a *her* thing.”

The sentiment makes Jonathan smile, but he knows it’s not entirely true. There have been plenty of “teachers” over the past couple years that have tried to get him to stop moving and his mom has gotten him away from every single one. That’s why he wasn’t put in some psych ward. But Nancy saying the same stuff that they did and that even his regular teachers have always seems to get to him.

“How do you feel about grilled cheese and tomato soup?” He wants to change the subject.

“ *God* yes, I haven’t had that in fucking years,” Jonathan does a double take at the sound Steve makes because that’s not usually a sound someone makes for *grilled cheese* , but he shrugs it off as best he can.

He shuffles away to the kitchen, leaving his blanket behind, with a little bit of a smirk because Steve has no idea how Jonathan makes them. He gets the stove going and butters up a pan.

Just to be safe. He starts humming nonsense while he butters the slices of bread with the secret ingredient, through putting a slice of cheese on each side and some shredded in-between, and even as they’re in the pan and getting that trademark golden brown. He nukes some tomato soup for them and makes sure to make an extra can and

sandwiches for his mom and Will.

When the food is done, he puts the plates with the grilled cheese and bowls of soup on the coffee table so he can turn around and start getting the movie going.

“Go ahead and eat. You don’t need to wait for me or anything.”

“Thanks,” he hears the same sound from earlier, then muffled gibberish before, “Can I hire you to be my personal chef? And please tell me I didn’t imagine the garlic taste.”

Jonathan practically giggles at the string of compliments, unholy sound included. “Sorry, man, my family beat you to it, but you’re welcome to come by for dinner or breakfast or whatever. And yeah that’s one of the secrets of my grilled cheese. I use garlic butter on the outside instead of regular stuff. But if you tell anyone, I might have to make a new nailbat,” he’s laughing through the tail end of that. Both of them know it’s not a real threat.

“Damn. Your secret is safe with me.”

Jonathan is still smiling when he turns around. Steve likes his cooking and his comfort movie is about to start. But then he sees that Steve’s eyes are watery and he goes a little bit into panic mode for a second until he realizes something he finds weird. Steve is still *smiling*

.

“Are..you ok?”

“Huh?” Steve blinks, then seems to come to “Oh, that. Yeah I’m okay, it just reminded me of my Grandmother. She liked garlic on stuff.”

Jonathan nods at this and his worries are quelled. “Happy tears. Gotcha,” he’s sitting back down with his blanket tightly around his shoulders cause he likes the squeeze feeling. He starts digging in and the movie’s opening song starts playing, “You ever seen this?”

“Not really, I saw part of it at Tommy’s, but didn’t stick around.”

He nods at this and scoots a tiny bit closer because the opening song is surprisingly gruesome for a kids movie. Seriously, who gave the ok to “Put his head in the river, let the pup drown” for a kids’ movie?

“Fucking hell Byers, did you put the right movie in?”

Jonathan just sighs in disappointment at the movie. “Yeah.. I really don’t know who okayed those lyrics, but it gets better. There’s actually a *lot* of songs in this.”

“Okay good,” Steve makes a cocoon of sorts with his blanket and -if Jonathan’s not mistaken- does a small happy wiggle when he’s done.

Jonathan wiggles back and continues to munch away on his sandwich, still enraptured with the movie, even though he’s seen it at

least a dozen times. Though this is the first time he's shared it with anyone outside his immediate family.

Jonathan continues to hum along with the songs or laugh at the little things like the bartender losing his mind in *I Swear I Saw a Dragon* or when Dr. Terminus has trouble pronouncing Passamaquoddy. Steve makes comments and asks questions at some points, but stays quiet for the most part. He sits up a bit straighter when it gets to the scene when the Gogans reveal that they bought Pete.

"This is what I saw at Tommy's," Steve shivers, then goes back to silently watching the film. Jonathan catches this and leans his shoulder against Steve to- hopefully- comfort him.

It's his turn with the discomfort and turns his head into Steve's shoulder when the teacher is hitting Pete's knuckles. In response, Steve tilts his head toward him as a sign of support, and wrangles a hand free to wrap around Jonathan's shoulders.

Some of the tension held there is released at the gesture and a hum quieter than a whisper escapes him. Steve must have heard it or felt it somehow because Jonathan can feel the arm holding him curl that much tighter around him. This is met with zero resistance and, instead, a faint flush running over his cheeks.

He doesn't think he could say a verbal thanks right now, though, so he just nods and turns his head back to the movie- knowing the scene was over and Elliot had run through the wall of the school. He doesn't move anything else though. It's nice, though he's certain neither of them will admit to this.

Before he knows it, he's dozing off to the familiar songs and speech and presence. He only really comes back to any form of consciousness when his mom and Will get home. He slurs out an indication of there being food for them in the fridge before putting his head back where it was and promptly passing out. They know not to say much more because he has the big blankets and the putty out and that's kind of a *thing* with the Byers boys. He couldn't explain it to someone if he tried.

He doesn't wake up until the next day, which isn't exactly surprising because his bad days tire him out really quickly. He does notice that Steve doesn't seem to be there, but he's not gonna worry about that until he untangles himself. Jonathan really doesn't know what goes on in his sleep that puts him in such... crime scene-esque positions, but it is what it is. Today he was left with his front leg over the back of the couch, the other one bent with the knee facing away from the squishy wall. One of his arms was wrapped over his head and the other simply draped over the side of the couch.

This would normally seem very easy to get out of, but the addition of two relatively heavy blankets makes it abnormally difficult. To the point he falls off the couch. He does manage to escape with only a bruised ego.

"I heard that thump down the hall, are you alright?" Steve walks into view, messing with his hair wilder than was the usual.

"I dropped my shirt."

"Uh huh, sure. Whatever you say, but you didn't answer my question."

"I mean I was still in it, but yeah. Didn't land on my face," Jonathan shrugs, kind of embarrassed.

"Not landing on your face is a good thing. What do you do for breakfast?"

"I usually make pancakes or toast, but I was planning on doing cream of wheat today, though. Probably with some apple slices to balance it out," he starts heading to his room to get a change of clothes before he starts cooking, "Do you need some clothes?"

"Yes please. I didn't bring spares from my place."

"I probably have something that'll fit you."

He gestures for Steve to follow him back to his room, right by the bathroom, and starts digging out some clothes for himself and ones that'll look like human clothes on Steve, even if it's only a 3 inch height difference. Jonathan finds what he's looking for and hands what he found to the other boy before going to change in the bathroom.

"You can change here. I'll just be next door and then the kitchen, making breakfast," with that he's gone and does exactly that.

He makes cream of wheat, as planned, but sprinkles a bit of cinnamon on the apple slices just because he can. Will had woken up

seamlessly and was grateful for the warm, stick-to-your-ribs, breakfast. After quickly packing lunches for himself and Will *and* Steve- because he'd be damned if he let his friend go hungry- they all step out into the Winter air and to their respective cars and drive to school as though this were a perfectly common occurrence.

Notes for the Chapter:

yes that is an actual lyric of the opening song of the movie and I strongly recommend you watch the movie if you have nothing to do with the next 2 hours. I literally own it on vhs and grew up watching it and it holds a special place in my heart

Author's Note:

(cause it's a shared account) -Jackal